

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF
MARGARET CROOK CALLISTER.

SCHOOL TEACHER, WELL EDUCATED, EXCELLENT COMPANY,
ENJOYED ALL KINDS OF SPORTS, VERY SOCIAL MINDED,
LOVED CHILDREN, WAS ALWAYS TEACHING THEM TO SING,
SAY NURSERY RHYMES, RECITE STATES AND CAPITALS,
MULTIPLICATION TABLES, ABC'S, OR SOMETHING.

(from Lathel's notes)

oldest son of Joseph Platte Callister

Margaret Crook Callister - Born 18 Jan., 1876 - Heber City, Utah

Father - John Crook Mother - Mary Giles

Grandparents - Dan Sr. and Margaret Kay Crook

William and Sarah Huskinson Giles

Schooling - because of Mother's death and the responsibility of keeping house for her father she did not finish grade school.

Brigham Young University

University of Utah

Taught school in Heber, Idaho, Salt Lake City and Utah County

Enjoyed traveling - has been to Canada, Washington, D.C., California, Texas, Michigan, Arizona, Florida, New York, Nevada

Active in the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers

Librarian at Delta when the library was in the building occupied by the Golden Black G. E. Appliance store

Church activities - Counselor in Mutual in Heber for years, Stake Mutual Counselor, Stake Superintendent of Young Women, and in the Stake Relief Society, and organist for many years, President of Stake Mutual at Delta for ten years, Teacher in the different organizations, has done a lot of Temple work - sealings, baptisms and research. Taught school in Pleasant Grove and worked in the church there, Ward Clerk in the Delta Third ward for a short time.

Married - Joseph Platte Callister in the Salt Lake Temple, 4 Jan. 1924

Died - at Delta, Utah, 17 June 1958.

Buried - Heber City, Utah, 20 June 1958

I, Margaret Crook Callister, was born in Heber City, Utah to John and Mary Giles Crook on 18 January 1876.

Margaret

Father

Mother

Sister Jane

My grandparents were Dan R. and William Giles and Sarah England 1856, and the Giles arrived in Salt Lake Septem

My girlhood friends were Al Moulton, Emma Jeffs, May Dul Minnie Tilt.

When I first attended the B Clothworthy, Katie Hicken a from Mrs. Meldrum here we l school.

Margaret Crook Callister was born in Heber City January 18, 1876, a daughter of John and Mary Giles Crook. Her mother died while Margaret was still a girl, leaving much of the home responsibilities to her. She remained at home until she was 22, and then went to Brigham Young University in Provo for school training. She attended two years, then taught two years, then spent two more years at the University of Utah, receiving her diploma in 1904. For six years she taught at various schools and then returned

283

MARGARET CROOK
CALLISTER

Joseph Platte CALLISTER

Family home in Heber

When I first attended the U of U - Millie and Lydia Lyman and myself rented two rooms in the east part of the city and here I became acquainted with Amy Brown and Richard R. Lyman Platte Callister who later became my husband
(from Margaret's notes given to me by her niece,
Ethel Duke Johnson, after Margaret's death)

School Band

The following is information she gave to Maralyn Callister Wood about 1956 -

"Her schooling was in Heber, She didn't finish grade school because of her mother's death, her age at the time was 12. Joseph P. 1931 Margaret She was the youngest child and only one at home to keep house for her father. Her sister helped care for the house for a few years then she did it alone. Later she went back to school and her brother, Fred, and his wife, Minnie, took care of her father. She was with her father when he died. She called Fred to tell him something was wrong with her father and shortly after he died."

She went to the Brigham Young University for two years, then quit there and went to the University of Utah, graduated and taught in Heber for 4 years, in Idaho and also in Salt Lake and Utah County

Her health was very good. She loved sports and amusements and planned many parties and enjoyed movies and reading

Home life was pretty lonely as she lived most of her life alone - traveling was something she enjoyed very much.

Richard R. Lyman loaned Grandpa Callister and Aunt Margaret some money to start the chicken business. When Grandpa died Aunt Margaret was unable to care for the business so Richard R. took the chickens and cancelled a considerable sized debt. Aunt Margaret had a very warm spot in her heart for Richard R. Lyman."

I asked Aunt Margaret to tell me about my Grandfather Callister and the following are some of the comments on his life -

He was very active in church work and enjoyed meeting with his friends. He was in the Ward Bishopric at one time and was the Ward Clerk at the old Third Ward and was holding that position when he died.

Aunt Margaret said he wasn't much of a singer and he liked to visit especially with Grandpa Church, Lorenzo Christensen, Edward Christensen and George Sampson. He was very even tempered, spiritual man who seldom got mad and he was very easy to please as far as cooking and art was concerned."

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Maralyn writes: "My first recollections of Aunt Margaret were playing with her large baking powder can of buttons of every shape, size and color, playing in her dark brown basket which held all her jewelry. She would let us put them on and doll up with them. Also she always had games such as dominoes, Bingo, Rook, Chinese Checkers and et c. She would join in the games with us and seemed to enjoy it very much. Her player piano and dozens of piano rolls kept us entertained for hours and we would love to press the pedals and were so delighted with the beautiful music that was produced."

For a while we, meaning myself and my brothers and sisters, would go up to her place for our noon meal during some of the school months. She had a little ruby glass topped candy dish that always seemed to be full of candy though I'm sure we emptied it many times. Cherry chocolates were a favorite of hers and she loved ice cream and if we went to town for groceries we could be sure there would be a pint of ice cream included in the purchase.

It was she who had the patience to teach me to play the piano and I will forever be grateful to her for this experience which has been so much help to me that its value and the enjoyment gained cannot be measured. Even though there were tears and discouragement and stubbornness on my part she didn't give up. I loved to listen to her play waltzes and different pieces which she would play time and time again upon my request.

2
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We would take turns staying at night with Aunt Margaret and after we would go to bed she would quiz us on the states, capitals and county seats, state flowers

She lived next to the railroad tracks and at times it seems as though I can still hear the trains whistling through the night.

Her curling irons always fascinated me and she would use them on herself and on me and then have me curl the ends of her hair she couldn't reach. She liked to have me comb and set her hair.

Visiting was something she enjoyed doing, although she had to walk long distances to do it. Some of the places she visited frequently were Eliza Hook Taylor's, Amelia Crane's, Agnes Lyman's and Zepher Steel's. There may have been more but these are the ones I recall.

At one time, which must have been quite a long time ago, I remember when she had a little old fashioned black car and she took me out to visit Josie Walker in Sutherland.

One year when I was in the third grade and the last day of school had arrived, I was sent to Aunt Margaret's because I had the red measles. She took care of me most of the duration of the measles.

Going to Aunt Margaret's was always interesting because she was always doing something different. Scrapbooks were kept and full of pictures of babies which she clipped out of magazines and newspapers. I always enjoyed this book to look at. There were books full of post cards she had received and there were many beautiful and interesting scenes in this book.

One book contained articles from newspapers of historical and other interesting events she had collected. She had a lovely pink pearl-like covered book with dates, anniversaries, and ect. written on the black paper with white ink. she sent many cards to her friends and relatives on these special occasions and she visited those who were sick. For as many years as I can remember she sent a card to me for my birthday and frequently a gift would be included, and she also sent special greetings to me and money when my two boys were born.

She once knit an orange sweater with lavender design in it and a cute green beanie for me and a pretty purple sweater for Sheldon and we were so pleased and proud of them. Also she has crocheted many articles for us, even in later years she did some crocheting for my wedding presents. Seems as though she always had some knitting going on that she was doing for the Red Cross.

Idleness was one of the things she could not tolerate. I've seen her do many things such as artificial flowers for Memorial Day, picture frames, favors for parties, make candy to send to Uncle Tony, go to different meetings, go visiting, work cross-word puzzles, write in her journal, I believe she wrote in her journal or diary every day.

Also she kept track of all her expenditures and was a very self-sufficient person and independent, which I think all the family will agree. She didn't ask for help or assistance and that trait was carried on as was evident when money was found that she had which took care of her burial expenses in part.

Baseball games and other sports were a source of enjoyment to her. Even in her later years she loved to go see a ball game.

Her interest in civic and world affairs was keen as she always turned the radio on several times a day to hear the news broadcasts and she enjoyed reading the newspaper.

Her home was always tidy and neat and she kept herself clean and neat too. She kept her yards looking nice and had a nice lawn and flowers and took pride in them.

Many Sunday dinners were eaten at Aunt Margaret's place, mainly out on her front lawn or we would invite her to come out home and eat with us.

It was my fortunate experience to go on a trip to California with her to see Uncle Tony who was in the service, stationed at Camp Roberts, which I believe, was in Escondido. It was in 1942.

My first trip away from home was a marvelous adventure, riding on the train for the first time and later on a bus. We went to Escondido and got a hotel room and would see Uncle Tony in the evenings and visit with him and go sight seeing during the day. We walked and walked and saw the beautiful citrus groves and actually picked an orange off a tree, which was a big thrill to me at the time. We also went through the lemon factory which was very interesting.

On this trip we went to Los Angeles and stayed in a hotel there and did some more sight seeing. We went on down to San Diego and saw the large Zoo and the beautiful scenery, also the ocean. The first time I saw the ocean was in Oceanside and I was breathless at the sight, it was beautiful yet a little frightening - because of the size and not being able to see the end of it. We hunted sea-shells and found several which I kept and took home to show the family.

When we were on our way back home we stopped in Las Vegas and against my will we went in to see what a gambling casino looked like. We couldn't get out of there fast enough to suit me. Later, however, I learned that Las Vegas had other attractions besides gambling! The whole trip was a wonderful experience to me even though several times I got pretty homesick.

✓ It was a sad day for us when Aunt Margaret moved to Heber City, after that we would only see her occasionally but we did correspond. When she moved to Heber, she cooked and kept house for Grant and Merrill Duke, her nephews. She also sewed carpet rags to keep busy.

A highlight for our family was when we would receive a yearly package which Aunt Margaret would send from Heber. It would have a gift in it for each of us. I remember one gift one year was a pretty red bracelet which I really was proud of. She loved children and made a fuss over them. She would write and tell me how smart the twins and Elizabeth were and how much she enjoyed them.

Aunt Margaret sent me the Delta Chronicle which she received and was insulted when I told her I wanted to pay her for the postage. Mr. Beckwith had been sending it to her free of charge for some time.

She always seemed so happy to see us when we would go to visit and wouldn't want us to go. It made my heart ache to see her gradually failing in health. She came to Taft one year with us and visited about a week and we enjoyed her company but she was anxious to get back to her home in Heber.

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Lathel writes: FATHER became acquainted with Margaret through his cousin, Millie Lyman, a daughter of Edward Leo Sr. and Maranda Callister Lyman (known as Aunt Mary to us), whose husband was Lorenzo Lovell of Oak City, Utah.

As Father began to consider marriage he got us children together one day, young as we were, and told us in his usual kind and understanding way, and showed us a picture of Margaret Crook - and told us a little about her and asked us how we would like her to come into our home and be a mother to us.

At first we couldn't see any real reason for such a thing because Carlisle Lyman was real nice to us and seemed to enjoy being there, then he explained that Carlisle was not married and maybe we had no right to expect her to stay with us any longer and maybe keep her from getting married and having a home and family of her own. We could in a way see what he meant.

Then we got real excited about having some one in the house, when I learned that she had a Model T Ford the gate of acceptance opened wide. In those days cars were rather scarce and to a boy of 15 why worry who was coming into the home if they brought a car with them.

You guessed it. I didn't get to drive the car at all - and that is where a real education began for me, and a real trial for Margaret.

I remember how impressed I was with her the first time I saw her - a stately looking woman, well dressed, dark hair and eyes, and eager to gain our friendship.

I was at an age that I didn't need anyone to tell me what to do, and on numerous occasions I caused both father and Margaret trouble of which I am deeply ashamed now. I guess all boys have a growing period at which patience is about the only medicine, and they both had it.

Father and Margaret got along really well and had wonderful friends in Oak City. Eldon Anderson and his wife, Alice, used to visit a lot and have some real good times. Sister Anderson and Margaret were very much alike I thought.

Margaret played the Piano, was a good teacher and able leader. We always attended church and she held many positions.

They decided to move to Delta where they figured there would be a better opportunity to make a living - in the chicken business and farming. They bought or traded with Aunt Mary Lyman the home in Oak City for hers in Delta, west of the railroad tracks, in the north part of Delta where Norman Gardner now lives. (1962) also close to the place where Carlisle and I were born - father owned that property in 1908-11).

It was soon decided that to live on a farm would be better so they bought a farm home and land southeast of Delta five and one half miles - wjocj cpmsoed of 50 acres and a fairly good house.

Father also rented 80 acres of ground from his cousin, Richard R. Lyman, who also financed the building of coups to house two to three thousand hens. So we went into the chicken business. Margaret was head doctor and was very efficient and taught us all the value of enjoying work.

In the Delta Third Ward, there were about 15 to 20 families, it took the effort of everyone to keep things going so father and Margaret joined in and became very active - not only in church work but social life too.

She liked parties and activity so they had a lot of home parties and ward parties of various kinds, she was always a sports fan and attended practically all the basketball games, was drama director and took plays to Oak City.

I helped with the farming in the summer of 1926. After graduation from Delta High in the spring of 1927, although I wanted to farm, we couldn't obtain any more land and father didn't have enough for both of us - so I found a job.

They went ahead with the farming and chicken business until they finally had about two thousand hens laying and things started looking pretty good.

In the spring of 1929, I came home and worked here in the valley and helped father with his farming. At the time Margaret was drama director and wanted a boy and girl to do a little dialogue. She said there was a very nice and beautiful girl named Margaret Church taking one part and wanted me to take the other. I knew practically nothing about this girl, but when I saw her I decided to take the part.

She was very nice and we had a good time learning and presenting the little skit - we grew fond of each other - this started a romance and we were married 7 April 1931.

About September 1, 1931, LaDean came out to the farm where we were staying about three miles from father and Margaret, and wanted me to go and shave father - of course, I was really shocked. I hadn't known anything was wrong with him.

When we got there he was in bed but as usual didn't think anything serious was wrong - just a stomach ache - but I knew a stomach ache bad enough to keep him in bed was serious.

They hadn't called the doctor - so we called Dr. Wallace Wright - and while he was coming I shaved father. When the doctor examined him he said it was his appendix - an operation was necessary.

Although father was in a lot of pain it was decided that he should go to Salt Lake instead of Fillmore - so that afternoon Margaret and He left on the train.

Marge and I stayed with Carlisle, LaDean and Anthony and helped take care of things. The third of September we got word he had died.

Margaret told LaDean of leaving his room that day to get a bite to eat - when she came back he wasn't in the room he had been in when she left. In great alarm she inquired about him and they led her to a small room and told her he was in there in a very serious condition - she called Richard R. Lyman and he came to the hospital and was very kind to her at this time.

Such a shock! It was hard to believe a man as young and healthy as he should die this way. I can now realize in some small measure how this would effect Aunt Margaret. (We started calling her Aunt Margaret after our children came) - three of his children still at home. Tony only 15 - who would have to do the heavy work of caring for all those chickens. No small task - and just at a time when it seemed they were getting things in shape where they would have life a little easier.

✓ After one of Aunt Margaret's brothers, Fred, came for a visit it was decided that their nephew, Grant Duke, would come and live and help with the work. He was a very good worker and always willing to do what he could to help. It was a tedious job but he stuck to it and gathered stacks and stacks of dry greasewood to burn in the kitchen stove.

It wasn't too long before it was decided the best thing would be to sell the chickens and the farm and try to pay the bills as best they could - keeping the house, ten acres and a few chickens.

About that time, Marge and I bought a farm joining her home so we were close to help a little as we could. Tony went into the CCC camp, Carlie got a job in Salt Lake and LaDean and Margaret lived at home - until LaDean went to Provo to work in 1934.

Our first son, Sheldon, was born just 25 days after father died. As our children came along Aunt Margaret showed a great interest in them and we really did appreciate it, as they grew older she was always teaching them little songs in rhyme, the ABC's, states and capitals, and Maralyn the piano. Many times she invited us to dinner on Sunday and we would have a real nice time.

In the fall of 1935, Aunt Margaret decided to move to town so we moved our two room house to town on the lot she owned, where they first moved when they came to Delta and we bought her home here on the farm and the ten acres of ground.

There she didn't have to travel by car every time she wanted to go some place and whenever she wanted them one of our older children would stay with her, and we had her out quite often.

She and Amelia Crane visited a lot, and Leo and Agnes Lyman were real good friends. While Tony was in the Army Aunt Margaret took Maralyn and visited him - they had a good time.

Aunt Margaret would visit LaDean in Orem and go to Salt Lake and Heber rather frequently. As she grew older her thoughts turned more and more to her friends and family in Heber - especially to Grant and Merrill, her nephews who had never married. She finally sold her home and moved to Heber about 1948.

We visited her occasionally and LaDean rather often. She was getting along pretty well and was more contented - still as ambitious as ever she would walk the eight or so blocks to town every day.

On one of these trips she fell and broke her arm - was taken to the doctor to have it set - some one took her home in a car - that night she walked with Grant up town to see a Basket Ball game. Even when she was in her eighties she still made her trips to town.

One day in the fore part of June, 1958, LaDean, Marge and I and some of the children went to see her. She and Grant were home. We were very desirous of having her go home with us for a while. Grant told her it would do her good, so finally she consented to go.

We arrived in Delta - she was very ambitious as usual and wanted to sew and read. Her glasses had been broken, so on a Saturday when Dr. Daynes was here we took her in and had her fitted with a new pair. He was amazed at her ability to read - with new lenses she could see as good as anyone.

The next morning being Sunday, we were all busy doing chores and getting ready to go to church. Finally one of us went in to get Aunt Margaret and found something was wrong. We immediately called Dr. Melvin Lyman - who on checking her said she had had a stroke.

14
ix
We took care of her the best we could following the doctor's instructions - as near as we could tell she was in no pain - neither did she recognize anyone or regain consciousness during the following ten days or so. On June 17, 1958, she passed away.

Her folks in Heber made all the burial arrangements - a viewing was held in Delta at which time many friends came. The funeral and burial were in Heber.

She was a very courageous woman, always seeking the best in life, eager to do things, making friends wherever she went, and finding real joy associating with people.

She enjoyed our children, and I am sure they all have fond memories of the time she spent with them and the things she taught them. She did many things that helped us to be better children."

* * * * *

Orem, Utah
May 4, 1962

My Dear Heavenly Father: Help me, please,
Let Thy gentle love touch my heart and ease
The icy bitterness of gall
Strong and real as a high stone wall...
Guarding the hurt residing there.
Nourished through years of frustration and despair.

Thou art mindful and knowest the cause of these.
Search my heart, and if I be worthy help me, please...
To win this bitter fight...
That tears of humility may wash away any sting in the words I write:
That the gall may recede, and my faith shine through,
That I may say "Thy will be done, Thou only art the Judge of the things we say and do;
That I may honor my father in his choice of a companion to cherish and love after we were left motherless...
Knowing his faith he must have sought Thee earnestly in this decision and found the answer in Thy promise "I will not leave Thee comfortless."
And trustingly took her hand in his at the sacred altar...
How he must have cherished her through the years..that she did not falter
The many many times when the burden of it must have been very rough.
How often he must have suffered, and prayed that his love was enough.
Knowing that in his household the children were not her blood and kin..
And sides might be taken--and often love may appear very thin.

Thou has gathered them both to Thee.. Please guide my hand and thought as I write my portion of this history..

To remember; "In Thee we live, and move and have our being...
Thy love is for all... we are Thy offspring. (Acts XV:11-28)

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DEAR Margaret: In this year of our Lord, 1962--comes a desire to write some memories of you - which had their beginning in the fall of 1923 - when dad called us kids together to discuss "would it be all right for him to remarry?"

Well nothing else of that discussion is clear - except we must have given our consent--cause shortly afterwards we were informed of a special event - perhaps, for that first meeting you was well prepared - but for us, I think we were a bit nervous and scared.

Your hair was dark - your eyes very blue - as we sat in a chair together the big question was -- "what were we going to call you - Don't remember my answer the recollection of it has fled - but we were to call you Margaret, you said.

Another incident that remains vivid of that meeting - "seemed odd to see you put jam on the meat you were eating.

The home and its brood must have met a suitable score - you and dad were married in the Salt Lake Temple, January 4, 1924.

After one of Aunt Margaret's brothers, Fred,

Dear Heavenly Father: There is a question I ponder as the years are retraced - "would she have put her hand so trustingly in his, and held to her dream had she known the trials and lonely years she faced?" - "also a keen desire to know her in that better place, - when all the care of mortality has been wiped from her face."

* * * * *

THE night before you and dad returned I lay in the darkness and listened to Carlie Lyman cry - "she feels badly because she isn't going to be with you any longer" - you said when I explained it to you and asked "why".

One day something happened - that to unaccustomed ears seemed rather funny - you and dad were busy in the front room and you called him "honey" - we laughed. Perhaps you were embarrassed or your feelings hurt then - I don't recall ever hearing you address him that way again.

Among the items you brought from Heber was a phonograph - called the Edison - we enjoyed listening to it especially while our work was being done - trivial incidents have the power to hurt and if one is not aware - cause many hours of heart ache and despair.

When you came we had a small record player - my favorite record was, "Peg-O' My Heart" - Carlie and I also had some of our baby clothes and soon from these were torn apart - as far as I remember we never said a word - but you would have known we blamed you could our silent thoughts have been heard.

It isn't clear that this particular squabble was about - but one day Carlie and I thought we had good reason to pout - so taking our hurt feelings we walked about a block away down by Carlson's fence - when we returned you had made some candy - don't know what we did - unless eating it was recompense.

You loved to give parties - especially for your age folk - at a Halloween party they all had fun laughing at your jokes - though none of them knew the cookies were filled with cotton until they were all gone - then most of them took it in good part and seemed to enjoy the zany goings on.

✓ It isn't quite clear if this happened before we left Oak City - anyway Carlie and I went to Heber with you in your Model T - Oh, how we learned to love Aunt Jane, she had such a gentle, loving way - thoughts of Uncle Fred, Aunt Min, their daughter, Velma, with her beautiful sunny smile, linger as happy memories today - this third day of February, 1962 - as my mind floods with these - although some tear at the heart others come back as dear friends, and please.

My how it rained on the trip back turning the road into a deep muddy track - to escape this, you thought, to the smooth side of the road you went - up to the hub cap in the mud! It seemed a tragic event.

After much self-condemnation, shivering wet in the rain - we were happy with expectation when a dry farmer came - I remember their kindness as his wife welcomed us into their home void of heat - after what seemed a long time, we were on our way free from the mud! A million dollar treat.

How the farmer got the car back into the ruts agains I just can't tell - that part isn't imprinted on my mind very well - just the endless rain pouring into the Model T minus curtains, and the getting wet - I guess we were "panty waists" - that we'd make lousy pioneers would be a safe bet.

Some of the lasting friendships you made in Oak City were - Alice and Eldon Anderson, Florence and Callis Lyman, Rachel and Abe Roper, and George and Mary Finlinson.

After moving to Delta a big honor came your way - Stake President Joseph T. Finlinson asked you to be Stake President of the Y.W.M.I.A. - to which you gave ten years of work, made a multitude of friends providing hours of relaxation - making a reasonable facsimile of a well earned but never realized vacation.

Here are the autographs of three - written at the time you went to Delta for a reunion party.

Delta, Utah

February 23, 1953

Dear Sister Margaret: Meeting again as a group is a thrilling experience. Many are the happy memories of our work together in the Deseret Stake Mutual Board. May your life continue to be happy and may your blessings be many.

Sincerely,

(s) Anna W. Billings

Dear Friend: In the garden of remembrance, plant a sweet for-get-me-not.

Your Friend,

(s) Mary Jane Peterson

Dear Margaret: May many memories of our work together - our laughs - and our eats our expressions of friendship be with you always. And may we see you again soon.

With sincere love,

(s) Josie Walker

These with Grace Warnick, Elzina Dutson, Tanita Sorenson, Inez Moody, Pearl and Donna Jeffery are among those you held dearest, that I recall, as you serve faithfully on this stake board call.

Your energy was boundless and for it you could show - a bounteous harvest of vegetables where others said they wouldn't grow - a 9 x 9 ft. cement tank, put in by the Henrie brothers, east of the house housed the water its source a well which held a lot of water when it was full - and was used for the vegetable garden in the back and your flowers in the front which were beautiful.

You picked the cucumbers and kept them under a wet gunny sack until there was enough to sell - through this and being reporter of the South Tract news for the Chronicle you began to know the elder Beckwiths Well.

This friendship with the family, from father to son, carried through - after his father died and you moved to Heber, Frank Jr, sent the Chronicle as a free gift to you.

You always were active in the church and I remember thinking when you gave the lessons in Relief Society "someday I hope I have the chance and can give a lesson as good as she."

The ladies usually were Aunt Leah and Ida Christensen, Bessie Dee Manning McCullough, Aunt Olive Taylor, Irene Sampson - Sarah Church, Sarah McCullough, Clara McClellan, Mary Ann Ross, Angie Lyman, Mrs. Holman, Hilda Ivie, Ida Bullock and Belle Lambson.

Your dear friend wrote the following -

Delta, Utah

February 23, 1953

Dear Margaret: I am glad to have you as one of my choice friends and appreciate the help you have given me on trips, at work, and parties and play. We have slept, eaten, treveled, worked, and talked together. You have been an inspiration and guide to me.

I wish you a long and happy life. Come see us often.

Love-Best wishes,

Sarah Church, ← Joseph Lafla's calliste mother in law

My Friend Margaret Callister -

By Sarah Jane Shakespear Church

I met her and Uncle Joe in 1930 in the old Third Ward. They lived on a farm. Joe was the Third Ward Clerk and Margaret was always with him.

She planned a social club for the women of the ward. We had a party for each ones Birthday. We had spelling matches and so on; we played Rook. We generally went to Margaret's as she liked it that way.

I went with Margaret on a trip to California in about 1943, when the war was on in Japan. We went with President Jeffery and other L.D.S. people on a bus to Mesa Temple. While we were there, the World's Fair was in San Diego. We talked it over and decided as we were that close we should go on down and see it. Chris Gronning and wife drove the bus. It was a sight. We had never seen the ocean, beautiful flowers and trees.

Margaret and most of the company took a trip on a motor boat out where there was a big ship. The driver was taking the mail to them. They said it was great. I was scared of the water so stayed back.

We came home by Boulder Dam, which they were dedicating. President Franklin D. Roosevelt was there. There was such a crowd we couldn't get close to them. So we hired a boat and drove us down under the bridge so we could see the crowd. That was the first boat ride I had and it was quite nice.

I think she and I went on many more Temple trips.

We went on the bus to Los Angeles. We wanted to go to Tom Breneman's Breakfast Club Program that was broadcast over the radio every morning. We couldn't get a ticket for a week; so I stayed with my brother-in-law and she stayed with a friend named Wilkenson. My brother-in-law took us there one morning at five o'clock. We had a nice time and got Tom's autograph.

Then we took the bus and went to San Francisco, traveling all night. I had a son, Jim Church, and family who lived there. I had his address so she called a taxi and away we went and got there for breakfast. Jim had gone to work so we went to bed for a while.

It was Sunday the next morning and he took us to the park and on to the Golden Gate Bridge. We spent most of the day there. When we returned, Irene, his wife, had supper ready. Then Jim took us on the bus to see if we could find the L.D.S. church. We had quite a time to find one, but we did. It was nice and different.

Monday Morning Jim took us down to the shipyards where Eisenhower and his wife were. His wife christened the ship with a big bottle of champagne. It was a sight to see. There were so many people and ships on the big ocean.

One day we took the bus over the bay bridge to Oakland and on to Berkeley where the College is. Margaret went to school there when she was a girl. We went to the College and sat on the seats of the campus. We looked it over as there was no school then.

We went to Jim's to sleep. The next morning we went on the bus to Palo Alto where we had relatives. We got there about ten. The man's name was William Galleral. His son came and got him to go to a meeting; so we went to a big college. We did not know anyone there but we went all through it. It was the prettiest town with beautiful trees.

I did not get to visit with Margaret the last time she came down after she had the stroke. I went down to Marge's to help or to be there some of the time, but she couldn't talk. I think she did not know what was going on.

I hated to have her buried so far away. We could have gone to her grave.

(s) Sarah Church

I, L.C.K., write of that reunion to ---

Dear Willis and Angie Lyman - Orem, Utah October 2, 1959...

Thank you for not resisting the urge to gather us from the four corners of the earth - for the joy of being together again that friendships may have a re-birth.

Bishop Lyman, like a kind and gentle Patriarch of old - with loving eyes you looked upon former members of your Third Ward fold. A Latter-Day-Saint in every land - faithful to each call - to each duty giving your best - loved and respected by all.

Our thoughts you knew were of loved ones away preparing souls for eternity - you bade us bow our heads for a moment of silence in honor of their memory.

A tear may have been shed and treasured, memories stirred as the history of the building and growth of the ward was heard. James M. Taylor showed joy and pride

as he told of being ordained by President Heber J. Grant, the Elder to preside when it was first made a branch at March Stake Conference, the 23rd or 24th, 1918 - then told of the changes he'd seen.

March 22, 1924, changes are made and the branch became Delta Third Ward. You were ordained by President George Albert Smith and became its first Bishop and counselors Lorenzo Christen and George Sampson, you worked very hard. Often to your duties through the mud and snow - either on horse back or team and wagon you'd go.

About 1929 you moved to Rexburg, Idaho, and then - with George Sampson and George Church as counselors, your new Bishop was my Uncle Ren. Lathel Callister took over as Bishop in 1944, and said he couldn't understand why - it took such a short time for the people to move away and ward activity to dwindle and die.

Irene Sampson reminded us of the times we made Thanksgiving day a ward affair - each family bringing something to the chapel for dinner and spending the rest of the day there.

Bennie Rosenbaum told how thankful he was that the Manning family came there to reside - because one of their lovely daughters, Mary Alice, became his bride.

Musical numbers were offered by Elva M. and Harlen Stone and some of the George Church family - Aunt Leah Christensen read some events of the ward and gave most of the dates to me.

There were numerous incidents too - Lilac Holman read a few - Aunt Leah told me of the fun they had going swimming and laughing at the suit worn by my Dad. It was made by cutting a pair of bib overalls off at the knee - it may not have been the fashion but he seemed at ease.

Angie, I have often wished I could make a piano ring - with music like you do for folks to sing. Uncle Edward still seems to enjoy leading a group in song - still keeping time with his foot as we go along.

Jim Ross had many interesting things to tell - as he spoke of the building of the roads, school and chapel - which, in the eyes of those who once worshipped there - will always be sacred - a place to offer testimony and prayer - a monument of by days - when we met together for entertainment or to sing and praise.

Our lives are fashioned and influenced by friendships and deeds of men - both forgotten for a time but when revived again - touch the heart urging it on to greater heights - filling it with courage and renewed determination to do what's right.

May the Lord bless you for the time and effort you spent - in making it possible for us to enjoy this event - held in Delta, Utah, September 14, 1959 - Everyone enjoyed it - the pot luck was fine.

* * * * *

Your life to the Delta Third Ward wouldn't be complete without mentioning the parties held by the bishopric - Uncle Ren, Aunt Leah, George and Sarah Church, George and Irene Sampson, you and dad made quite a clique.

Meeting once a month for an evening of fun playing Rook and putting on a small banquet - if we were around we enjoyed the food but didn't appreciate washing the dishes at the close of it.

Moving to the farm seemed to paint a rosy tableau of chickens, cows and fields of hay - but turned into a quagmire of debts, some never paid, hard work and a struggle from day to day.

Richard R. Lyman, dad's cousin, loaned him some money, and the chickens, coops, and milk cows with Lathel's help, expanded in number - it was going to work out all right! Then - came 1931 and dreams and plans gave way to slumber.

"This is it, "you were told by your companion from his hospital bed, in faltering tone - eight years of marriage! a crushing blow - "it seemed most of your life you had been alone."

When you told me you had been alone most of your life the meaning wasn't and still isn't clear - although I understand the feeling of loneliness even though people are near.

Dear Heavenly Father: I am glad Thou art the judge of circumstances and situations that developed through the years especially between 1931, and '35 - lean, lonely, frustrating both mental and physical, too much sickness, and ideas that did not thrive - leaving their mark on us, each a different disguise bless those who read these pages; and should they feel in their hearts to judge - may they realize that with maturity most of the sting is gone, and receding the 'all of grudge.'

* * * * *

Your loneliness was revived by echo's of the past - and over the remaining years alone a blight was cast - the haunting of an empty place its life blood fled - where once we knelt in family prayer now it was rarely said. Faith, that before seemed bright - now stumbled and faltered - and many other patterns of every day living were greatly altered.

There wasn't any money - the depression was on - we soon became wards of the W.P.A - sewing on an unbleached muslin sheet project we got meat, clothes and other commodities for pay - I still relish the taste of your beef stew - waiting when the days work was through.

Your loved animals, which caused you to be concerned about a turkey - one windy storm filled night - he being perched high in a tree, so you felt, was filled with fright. Tony and I argued "it had gotten itself up there let it get down the same way" - "being frightened it must have some help", are words similar to what we heard you say. Tony must have climbed the tree, I'm quite sure you didn't, nor did I - but you seemed much happier when it was safely under shelter warm and dry.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me," as we understand the Gospel principles better we realize each spirit is precious including that of a turkey - and the Lord being mindful - when a little sparrow falls and that every hair of the head is known - surely is mindful of you for the kindness to animals you have shown.

One morning we were still in bed when an unusual noise was heard - what we saw on the foot of the bed almost made me sick but you picked them up without a word - and carried the mother of her new born kitten to a place safe from harm - at that time the only thing I appreciated about that cat was in the winter when she slept on my feet and kept them warm.

One of your special friends, Amelia Crane, moved to Delta about 1928 with her husband and family - they came to our place for dinner - we enjoyed the three young children - the littlest one especially.

Amelia writes ... Delta, May, 1962.

"I have many fond memories of the things Margaret Callister, Agnes Lyman and I used to do together. I met Margaret at the Brigham Young University. She was taking Sewing and Dressmaking in connection with other studies and I was taking Domestic Art A & B, I think the classes were called, which consisted of teaching us how to sew a patch on different kinds of material and different kinds of stitches that are done by hand. Vilate Elliot was our teacher, so we came in contact with each other quite often.

Margaret made me acquainted with her niece from Heber City, Ethel Duke, who was attending the University. I also met Ethel Perkel, and she, Ethel, Hester and I had many happy times together while we lived in Provo. Margaret, I suppose, was teaching during some of those years as I can't recall seeing anymore of her until we moved from Levan to Delta to live.

Amelia, Claude, Ella, Grant, Harry

One day while Ella, our daughter, was still a small girl we went on an errand together, on the way home we were walking by Gardner & Koiter's Feed Store and I glanced at a car parked there to my surprise I saw Margaret Callister in it, so we went to the car and visited with her and learned that she and her husband and family were living on the farm in South Tract, and we were living in Delta on the farm where our son, Grant, and his family are now.

We visited back and forth a lot and enjoyed good meals together and sometimes played games. After she was left alone and was living in the Delta Second Ward, the ward presented good motion pictures in our chapel once a week or every two weeks, and we certainly enjoyed them. One of them stands out quite vividly in my memory now. It was called "Lincoln in Illinois". We saw many wonderful shows together at the "Great Theatre" such as "The Birth of a Nation" and "Gone with the Wind".

We always went to all the High School plays and operettas and enjoyed them to the fullest extent. A lot of the time when Margaret came to our home on the farm we played many different kinds of games - Chinese, Checkers, Across or Crossing the Continent, Annagrams, with letters of the alphabet printed on small squares of pasteboard. The one that got the most words put together from the letters won the game and Margaret won more games than any of us.

She and I saw many high school basketball games together while she lived in Delta. It was surely a delight to watch the games with her. It was also great pleasure to have her with me at the high school parent's day.

She didn't spend all her time in amusements. She was a good worker in any kind of work. She was the best helper with my work that I had after we moved to Delta and were living on the farm. We enformed her when I had fruit to can and she came and spent a good portion of a day preparing the fruit for canning, whether it was getting stones out or peeling the fruit or doing both, she was there on the job and quick too. Do not know how I accomplished my work without her. She knew I couldn't pay her in money for the work she did but was greatful for any kind of food I offered her such as home churned butter, vegetables, fruit, eggs, meat, cooked and baked foods, etc.

She and Mrs. Ed Van Winkle tied a couple of quilts for us that had to have new linings and tops on them. This work was much appreciated by all of us. When my winter coats became shabby she cut out the best parts of them and made coats for the children. I remember her making a beautiful school dress for our daughter, Ella, before she was grown, out of some wearing apparel I had on hand.

How these things thrilled me, and often did I wish that I could make articles of clothing like she did. She also sewed me a lovely new dress for one Fourth of July. The material was sent to me by one of my sisters-in-law, and by the time the dress became shabby, our daughter, Ella, had been taking sewing at Delta High School, and she made herself a lovely dress out of the best parts of my dress.

While Agnes Lyman, Leo's first wife, was alive, we three got quite a thrill visiting friends and neighbors on their birthdays. Needless to say I surely did miss Margaret when she moved back to Heber City, but we kept in touch with each other by correspondance, and I was glad that she came back to Delta quite often to visit friends and relatives.

-(s) Amelia Crane

We became acquainted with a school teacher living in Delta, Pearl Tangren, who was very nice - and a few times you tended her youngest for or five year old Bryce. Money was scarce as hens teeth around our house and when she came back to get him one time you weren't very happy - she thought you would appreciate more a picture of an Indian Brave astride his horse than you would money.

As some experiences came sides were weighed and oh, how the heart was torn - whether to be "loyal" to one who was grafted, or the kin to whom you was born".

On one of your trips to June MIA conference in Salt Lake you made a decision that caused hearts to ache - Carlie and I were both hurt but I didn't want to hurt you, so didn't dare confess - how much it hurt when you didn't bring us both a new dress. It was very nice - made of pongee, but why did you bring something just for me?

Sometime between 1931-35, you and I were talking and you told me - that you didn't want to be buried in Oak City - It seemed to imply that you must not have very much love for my dad - oh, the many wasted hours I've spent over this feeling bad - and like so many bridges we cross - this turned out to be a total loss -

The decision was taken out of our hands entirely - In June, 1958, your body was laid to rest at Heber in the plot of your family - your Marker doesn't bear our father's name, but this year at his grave will be a special event - after thirty years, a stone is to be erected, and "should your name be added to it" much thought has been spent.

One way or the other it doesn't really matter, I guess, but viewing it in the light of your statement caused much distress - but your name will appear - with that of dad's on the monument erected this year.

* * * * *

I shall long remember the 6th of June, 1958 - at 5 A.M. Lathel, Marge and I left my home to come to your place - Had I been wiser I might have read the meaning of the look in your eyes and on your face - I shall not try to describe it other than say - that look often foretells of a gentle call that is not far away.

You accepted Lathel's and Marge's invitation - to go to Delta with them without much persuasion - the recalling of it brings back things almost forgotten and along with it a tear - you said "my, they were good, Dean," after eating a breakfast of waffles here.

Lathel and Marge left you in the car alone about 15 minutes while they did some shopping in Provo - they caught up with you half way up the block - "Where are you going?" they wanted to know - they were very surprised then - "To see Aunt Min," was your answer - you had forgotten that you had left Aunt Min in Heber.

A few days later the calm of a Sunday morning broke - when, after waiting for you to get up, it was discovered you had suffered a stroke - this was determined by Dr. Melvin Lyman when he answered a frantic call - from then on you didn't recognize anyone, and couldn't move your left side at all.

Dean was home on leave from the Navy and we came to Delta on the 10th - as I stood by your bed, in the same room that you used for a bedroom, I couldn't say a word - this thought in my mind - "she has come home to die", was all I heard.

You mentioned once that you wanted "Juanita" sang at your funeral; Katherine, JoAnn and Chloe tried - but the words wouldn't come - "we could see Aunt Margaret sitting at the piano playing for us - and suddenly we knew she wouldn't be doing it any more", they cried.

I was given the privilege, at the funeral, of representing my father's family - all went well until after I sat down and looked straight into the face of my brother, Tony - and passed tightly closed eyes the flood of cleansing tears broke through. Tony came up to me afterwards and said - "what happened? I just wanted to smile at you."

Heber City, Utah - June 20, 1958

Dear Margaret: You have fought your way through - and finished the work He gave you to do -

He has led you forth to a land you have known before and your foes have passed and your fears have passed - you'll no longer be afraid - you'll sing His praise in a better place, in a place that His hand hath made.

(* Adapted from "At the Place of the Sea" - by Annie Johnson Flint)

4

It isn't hard to picture a happy reunion over there, to believe that your parents have given you a warm welcome with thanks and appreciation for the love and care you have given their children.

Jesus said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Surely your reward must be great for the work you have accomplished here. You came into our home, to a ready made family. Many times it was very hard for you, but you did the best you could and spent 20 years doing for us. All but 8 of those years alone and the burden on you was great.

Uncle Edward Christensen said that you surely was good to us and that you had done a good job. You always had so much energy and it was spent in service to others. Uncle Edward put it in these words, "Margaret was always teaching us something."

You taught us many things - to be dependable - and to work - to accept responsibility both at home and in the church.

As the grandchildren came you gave them love and affection as if they were your own. You were around Lathel's more than any and in his word - "you could not have loved them more had they been your own flesh and blood."

It will make you happy to know that the ladies you worked with in the Stake Mutual Board in Delta are sending a contribution to the Primary Children's Hospital in your name.

How can we best express our love and appreciation? By honoring your name and filling our lives with service and following the example you have given us.

The last years of your life you have felt badly because you have had no church work to do - now your spirit is free from the mortal body and you can again continue on the work you love.

Thanks for all you did for us and to you we say -

"Go thou thy way as we go ours apart but not afar;

Only a thin wail lies between the pathways where we are.

And God keep watch 'tween us and thee, this is our prayer;

He looks our way. He looketh thine and keeps us near.

We'll sigh sometimes to see thy face but since this cannot be

We'll leave thee in the care of Him who cares for us and thee.

And God keep watch 'tween us and thee all be His care.

One arm round us and one round thee will keep us near.

And though our paths are separate and our way is not thine,

Yet coming to the Mercy Seat our souls will meet with thine,

And God keep watch 'tween us and thee We'll whisper there,

He blesseth us. He blesseth thee and we are near.

(*Thoughts, with a few word changes, from Miapah
by Julia A. Baker.)

The following written by Margaret was given the same day by her nephew,
Fred Carlile

Memories of my childhood are very few. I recall only a few things. My mother was called out a great deal to care for the sick. I guess my early life was smooth with no cares or I would recall more than I do. One thing that has been in my memory always that I have never forgotten. One day I wanted to go and play with my chum, my mother told me to sew a ball of carpet rags before I could go. To hurry the case I stuffed the ball I took to my mother. She was smart enough to know I could not have done it so quick. She unwound the ball and I was caught in wrong doing and lost my chance to go and play.

When I was twelve years old my mother went to the barn to gather eggs. She was gone so long I went to see what was the matter. I found her lying on the ground helpless and speechless. She was paralyzed and for six months was a helpless invalid.

This part of my life was such that I think it blotted out everything that came before. I was the youngest of a family of seven, three girls and four boys. After mother died I kept house for my father doing the best I could and so early in life learned many things that was for my good such as sewing, cooking, and housekeeping.

My father was of the old English type so I had to earn my money for pleasure by milking cows for many years. I lived at my father's home until I was 22 years old. When some bug got in my bonnet and I determined to go to school. I never finished the eighth grade nor had any high school. I went to the BYU and took an examination to enter school. I was conditioned in many subjects but it came out fine.

I went two years there, then taught two years. The next two years I spent at the U of U, where I received my diploma in 1904. I received this piece of paper which was so priceless to me on the stage of the old Salt Lake Theatre.

I enjoyed meeting people and making new friends, so I moved from town to town teaching for one year in one place.

Some of my acquaintances said I was not a good teacher or I would stay in one place longer so I taught in American Fork for two years to show them I could stay in a school more than one year.

After teaching six years in the grade schools I again went to the Y. (BYU) and took my certificate for high school. I taught sewing and cooking in Preston, Idaho and in Heber City for five years. I quit teaching and worked in the Wasatch Library until I married Joseph Platte Callister in 1924.

At the age of 17, I was counselor in the M.I.A., and from then on I have been working in the Mutual making forty-seven years of continuous work. I have worked in a Stake position in five different stakes, Alpine, Deseret, Wasatch, Uintah and one other.

I have worked in Primary, Relief Society and Sunday School and have enjoyed my church work very much. I have done work in the five temples, Mesa, Manti, Canadian, St. George and Salt Lake, and I wish I could go and work in the Hawaiian.

I have had some very interesting trips to Mesa Temple and Canadian temple with my Delta friends.

In 1921, I spent four weeks at a Library School in Chataqua, N. Y. On this trip I visited Niagara Falls seeing the Old Liberty Bell, Boston, Chicago and more interesting places. In 1907 I visited California and had some interesting experiences.

We took a boat ride from San Francisco to Portland and was sick every bit of the way. I never got out of my berth until we were sailing on the Columbia River. This was not a very good time I can tell you.

In 1909 we took a trip to Southern California visiting San Diego and Los Angeles. From San Diego we went on a trip to Tia Juana, Old Mexico. We traveled in a three seated buggy. Can you imagine a trip that distance being pulled by two horses, six of us.

We visited the old Mission home and we all wished we could take back with us some little thing for remembrance. Of course you were not supposed to do this but they conceived the scheme of taking a small rock and when away from the caretaker we could break the rock and each have a small one.

Then came the thought, who would carry it. It fell upon me to do so, they said, as I was a Crook (my maiden name), I should live up to the name, so I did. I carried the rock passed the guard OK and finally did with the rock what we planned to do.

We visited Catalina Island. There we bathed in the Pacific Ocean, or I mean an aim of it. And talk about our bathing suit, I want you to see this one.

This ends the history written by Margaret of herself. The following was given to me by Sister Eva Giles Gillespie, her cousin, who lives here in Orem and came to see Margaret on one of the times she came to my place.

"My first recollection of Margaret Crook was in my grandmother Giles' home in Provo, where Clark Crook, Margaret's nephew, stayed while attending Brigham Young University - I was impressed by her stately and beautiful appearance; also her cheerfulness.

In later years I would take Uncle John T. and Aunt Agnes Giles to Heber occasionally to visit their cousins and other relatives; the Crook home was always included in those visits and again Margaret left that fine impression in her thoughtfulness of her father and other members of her family, as well as visitors.

In still later times I visited her a number of times on Genealogy work, in which she was intensely interested.

Margaret has been a wonderful person to know and I shall always treasure our kinship and friendship."

(s) Eva Giles Gillespie
Orem, Utah, May 1962.

You loved to sing. Here is a song you taught me - as we sat on the porch step of our home in Oak City:

Listen in the April rain
Brother Robin's here again,
Songs like showers come and go.
He is house building I know.
Chip, chip cheerily he is singing.
Lightly on an old elm tree swinging.

The old robbing puss last year
Ate his little ones I fear,
And he almost died of fright
That is all forgotten quite.
Chip, chip cheerily he is singing.
Lightly on an old elm tree swinging.

He has neither grief or care
Building spots are every where.
If one nest is blown away
Fields are full of sticks and hay.
Chip, chip cheerily he is singing.
Lightly on an old elm tree swinging.

"We are sowing, daily sowing," was one of the songs we sang at a Sunday night meeting this March of 1962, and as we were singing there flashed in my mind one of the pleasant times you, Carlie and I knew - you were sitting at the piano playing while we sang it at a Sacrament Meeting in the Delta Third Ward - it also brought back the time Tony sang "Barefoot Days" at some meeting in Oak City. You worked very hard to get him to do it in the first place then crouched behind a bench while he sang and if needed to give him a cue - I was in Delta in April and ask him if he remembered this. He said, "sure I do."

Delta, Utah, April 20-21, 1962... Tony speaking... *2nd child of Joseph Platte Callister*

"I remember when we lived where Lathel does now, Dad at one time had rabbits. The place they were kept was a small shed with a dirt floor. Margaret used to make a lot of preserves - and filled cookies. I would get a bottle of preserves - a handful of cookies and retreat to the rabbit pen - eat my fill - then dig a hole in the dirt and bury the bottle of preserves for another time.

When all the rabbits were gone it was decided to tear down the pen and cultivate the spot of ground it was on. Margaret could never understand where all the broken glass came from and I wasn't about to tell her.

Once, when I was small, and we still lived in Oak City, I coaxed and coaxed dad to make me a flipper. He finally gave in, after a solemn promise, "Oh, no I won't shoot at anyone or any building."

"Boy, the fun I had shooting at everything - being careful to keep my promise.
To the north of the house was a row of raspberries - and how the birds loved to
light in it. One day I sat there watching them - then carefully I took aim -
pulled the rubbers back to their full length - POW!

Then I stood petrified - at the POW dad stood up on the opposite side of the bushes -
I don't know where he came from but he was a perfect target for my rock. My legs
were glued to the ground - my britches were soon tanned - my treasured flipper -
a million or so little pieces.

One day, after 1931, Margaret, George Sampson and George Church decided I was go-
ing to operate on some chickens feet - it seemed that jumping from the drop-
boards to the cement hurt their feet and caused lumps to grow on them - by cutt-
ing this a hard substance would be released and their feet would soon be all right.

I said to hell with it and went on a bumming trip with Morris Hopkins. That must
have been about 1934.

After dad died I used to take a wagon into Delta and bring home a load of chicken
feet. I'll always believe that lifting those bags of feed stunted my growth -
I was only 15 when I started doing this. While dad was alive he would never let
me lift those heavy bags.

Grant Duke, Margaret's nephew, came to stay with us - he was a very good worker and -
kept busy doing the jobs that needed to be done - spending hours gathering dry
greasewood for use in the stoves."

* * * * *

Barefoot Days

I can remember how proud I used to be
When Dad and mother would buy new shoes for me.
Now that's the feeling you all had
How new shoes would make you glad.
But the best times that you recall
Was when you wore no shoes at all.

Chorus..
Barefoot days when you were just a kid.
Barefoot days, oh boy, the things you did.
You'd go down to a shady nook
With a bent pin for a hook;
You'd fish all day, fish till night
But the darned old fish refused to bite.

Then how you'd slide down some old cellar door. Yo
You'd slide and slide 'till your pants got tore..
Then you'd have to go home and stay in your bed -
'Till mother got busy with a needle and thread..
Oh boy, what joy you had in barefoot days.

We were so happy till Sunday came along,
That was the one day when everything went wrong.
All dressed up as stiff as starch,
Off to church you'd have to march
And no wonder ya had the blues
'Cause you had to wear your shoes..

Chorus..
Take a little sweetheart by the hand.
Oh gee, but ain't love gr...and,
O..ff for a picnic in the woods.
Along comes a gang from the neighborhood
Take a little box that's full of lunch,
Like a firefly sneak away from the bunch..
Over the hills like Jack and Jill
But you don't go for wa..ter.
Find a quiet spot not a soul aroung..
Spread the lunch all over the gr..ound.
When you turn around you nearly die..
There's a cow in the middle of your custard pie!

cream. Oh, the good times you have known.

"Dear Heavenly Father: Thou knowest all things and was ever mindful of the dreams she had - before and when, so trustingly, at the sacred altar she placed her hand in that of my Dad...

Of these written words, if it be Thy will, she may know the treasure - the wealth of the hours she spent with them, the things she did for their pleasure."

Sheldon & Maralyn

Memories of Aunt Margaret - Provo, Utah, May, 1962 -- by Katherine Callister Wistisen

Aunt Margaret taught some of us older children the states and capitals of the United States and the county seats of Utah. She also taught us many nursery rhymes and fun songs.

She was a "softball lover" and wouldn't miss a game unless she was deathly sick. She had an old player piano that occupied much of our attention when we were in her home. It was so fascinating to be able to play a tune without touching the keys. And it was good exercise for our legs and feet.

She took me on some of her many visits with Amelia Crane and Leo Lyman. She was always ready to go visiting with the many friends she had. After she moved to Heber, whenever she came to Delta, she would always take time to see friends she had in Delta and surrounding towns.

Her old underground cellar was a place full of mystery as well as fantasy. Along with the pretty dolls and other exciting playthings, there were all kinds of ugly spiders, huge spider webs and mysterious shadows, which always haunted me.

The sounds and smells that will always remind me of Aunt Margaret are the loud chugging of the trains as they came and went past her place, the constant tick of her clock and the smell of Lifeboy soap which she always used.

She always enjoyed playing the piano and singing songs with us. We would sing many of the church hymns and many other songs she loved. One of her favorite songs was "Juanita".

We ate lunch at Aunt Margaret's home one or two years while we were going to school - she had beautiful dishes that I really loved to use and look at. Aunt Margaret was always active. She could not sit idle. She either had to be working or socializing with others.

I became closer to Aunt Margaret, than I had ever been before, during the time she was ill in our home, just before she died. I spent many hours by her bedside. Mom and I did everything we could to make her comfortable. How hard it was to see her lying there so helpless and to know there was so little we could do for her. It was at this time that I really began to realize how much she meant to me.

She ate sugar on her bread and milk, which us kids thought was really different. I pinned up her hair and combed it out many times.

Whenever Aunt Margaret came down to see us, we could always depend on her to bring us some candy."

You saw me through a tonsil and appendicitis operation, stomach trouble too - but when told I needed glasses that seemed too much for you - I don't recall the exact words you used but the tone of your voice was filled with despair - to me that was a sign that it was time to be getting elsewhere.

It was a hard decision leaving you there alone, the future looked rather dark and barren at age 22 - as I went to the Bishop to explain the situation and get his advise on what to do.

10
Get a milk pail; you're gonna be brave..
And then you find out that the cow won't behave..
Oh, boy, what joy we had in barefoot days.

Slidin' down cellar doors make your clothes tare..
You get a lot of slivers but you daresn't tell where! Carlile, Sept. 18, 1859.

Oh, boy, what joy we had in barefoot days,
The first house built in fort valley by John Cox and John Hamilton.

In our home we had an organ that was pumped with the feet as you play.. on it
you gave a good start and taught me most of what I know about music today. How
I loved to play the records on the Edison while the work was being done -
"Brandywine, Somewhere a Voice is Calling, Perfect Day, Whistler and his Dog,
Barney Google" - hard to tell which was the favorite one - for the benefit of
the younger generation the phonograph had to be wound by hand - no electricity-
but it was fun.

Tony broke his leg one summer, can't say for sure - but think this is how -
his horse stepped in a hold and threw him one day while he was trying to re-
trieve a cow.

I came home from picking berries in Provo, and offered to take care of him -
but was glad to turn it back to you - soon finding my ambition tiring and
growing very thin.

Robert and Sondra stayed with us last night (April 5, 1962) and he recalled this
incident that happened one time when it was his turn to stay at your place..
Tony came home on a furlough while you were uptown. They saw you coming back and
he hid behind the door, reached out and grabbed you as you came in amused by the
expression on your face.

From September 1931-1935, once in a while a bright, reassuring spot came - but some
how it never was the same -

Lathel was married and he and Marge moved into a house about a half mile from us
through the field - and the birth of the first grandchild, Sheldon, what a bount-
eous yield!

Sheldon writes - June 24, 1962, at Orem, Utah.

When I think of Aunt Margaret I remember many pleasant experiences. She was fun to
be with, even when I was very young and wanted to be playing something all the
time, because she liked to be active and doing things too. I will always remember
the time she and I went for a ride on the rickety old roller coaster at Salt Air.
Although she was in her 70's she really enjoyed it. Every time the cars went
down she'd scream and stand up. She was plenty willing to stay on for the
second ride. *I didn't wait to go 2nd time.*

Several of us (Lathel's children) had the opportunity of staying with her for short
periods while she lived in Delta. Playing her roller piano, eating her very tasty
oatmeal cookies, and playing games with her were some of the things I remember best.

While I was attending school at Logan I sometimes went around by Heber and took her
to Delta with me. She was very happy for the opportunity and seemed to miss her
friends and relatives here quite a lot.

My earliest recollection of her is not very vivid because I must have been only
about four years old.

We were living in the little house in the field which was a little distance from
the house Aunt Margaret lived in. I had been to her place for eggs and had gone
only a short distance when I dropped the sack of eggs and broke nearly all of them.
I remember I was very much afraid to go back and face her and ask for some more
eggs but I must have been more afraid to go home without the eggs because I did go
back for more.

Sheldon - 1931 or '32

I believe Aunt Margaret loved us and we loved her and I'm glad to have known her.

(s) Sheldon Callister < Joseph Lathel Callister
oldest son

In the coming years you enjoyed all sixteen of them as much as though they were your
own - telling them stories, singing songs, playing games, eating home made ice

cream. Oh, the good times you have known.

"Dear Heavenly Father: Thou knowest all things and was ever mindful of the dreams she had - before and when, so trustingly, at the sacred altar she placed her hand in that of my Dad...

Of these written words, if it be Thy will, she may know the treasure - the wealth of the hours she spent with them, the things she did for their pleasure."

Sheldon & Maralyn

Memories of Aunt Margaret - Provo, Utah, May, 1962 -- by Katherine Callister Wistisen

Aunt Margaret taught some of us older children the states and capitals of the United States and the county seats of Utah. She also taught us many nursery rhymes and fun songs.

She was a "softball lover" and wouldn't miss a game unless she was deathly sick. She had an old player piano that occupied much of our attention when we were in her home. It was so fascinating to be able to play a tune without touching the keys. And it was good exercise for our legs and feet.

She took me on some of her many visits with Amelia Crane and Leo Lyman. She was always ready to go visiting with the many friends she had. After she moved to Heber, whenever she came to Delta, she would always take time to see friends she had in Delta and surrounding towns.

Her old underground cellar was a place full of mystery as well as fantasy. Along with the pretty dolls and other exciting playthings, there were all kinds of ugly spiders, huge spider webs and mysterious shadows, which always haunted me.

The sounds and smells that will always remind me of Aunt Margaret are the loud chugging of the trains as they came and went past her place, the constant tick of her clock and the smell of Lifeboy soap which she always used.

She always enjoyed playing the piano and singing songs with us. We would sing many of the church hymns and many other songs she loved. One of her favorite songs was "Juanita".

We ate lunch at Aunt Margaret's home one or two years while we were going to school - she had beautiful dishes that I really loved to use and look at. Aunt Margaret was always active. She could not sit idle. She either had to be working or socializing with others.

I became closer to Aunt Margaret, than I had ever been before, during the time she was ill in our home, just before she died. I spent many hours by her bedside. Mom and I did everything we could to make her comfortable. How hard it was to see her lying there so helpless and to know there was so little we could do for her. It was at this time that I really began to realize how much she meant to me.

She ate sugar on her bread and milk, which us kids thought was really different. I pinned up her hair and combed it out many times.

Whenever Aunt Margaret came down to see us, we could always depend on her to bring us some candy."

You saw me through a tonsil and appendicitis operation, stomach trouble too - but when told I needed glasses that seemed too much for you - I don't recall the exact words you used but the tone of your voice was filled with despair - to me that was a sign that it was time to be getting elsewhere.

It was a hard decision leaving you there alone, the future looked rather dark and barren at age 22 - as I went to the Bishop to explain the situation and get his advise on what to do.

He listened and then said that if I'd stay he would put me in as the President of the Primary - but that wouldn't have solved the problem of glasses or money - so I went to Provo and helped in the Riding family - leaving you there alone - years later I tried to tell you how badly I felt about it, but the above explanation you have never known.

Tony was in the CO Camp and soon after I left you and Lathel made some kind of trade - and his two room house was moved into Delta, west of the railroad depot, where until 1946 or 1948 your home was made.

Then you moved to Heber and came often to our place in Orem to stay - "Margaret was sure smart she could tell us all the states and their capitals," this is the comment of our son, Jay.

One time between '31 and '35 they needed help at the Delta Hospital and you went - working much beyond your capacity - as I sit here writing the question presents itself, "did she do this to help pay for my appendectomy?"

Well, I'll wonder about it and it gives an uncomfortable feeling because as a result you became very sick - and was brought home and doctored all through the night by your good friend, R.N. Mable Roper Skick.

In the past years you would never go to the Mother's Day program, then I didn't understand why - and it was a trying time to see the other Mother's there and made me want to cry.

From most of these I came home with a gift or a Mother's Day card - it was the custom to sent it to the Mother's who didn't come to the program in our ward.

Now I realize it revived the burden of a heart breaking picture you had been carrying around - since you was 12 and had gone to hunt your mother and found her by the chicken coop helpless on the ground.

Now you are both together in that beautiful place - be happy and of this heart-breaking picture may there not be any trace.

I have a greater appreciation, and realize though at the time you were pleased you didn't say - and didn't know it made Dad happy when I asked for money to buy presents for you on Mother's Day.

What a lonesome feeling the first year you forgot to send me a birthday present and card - for so many years they came as regular as the date, and to suddenly realize I was gaining and losing something precious, was very hard -

Gaining a greater appreciation and awareness of you, understanding so many things more clearly - now at 78 losing a part of you! Why does one have to wait so long and pay so dearly?

In 1950 at the General Primary Conference our minds seemed to be in complete accord - I lived in Orem, had three boys, and was on the Sharon Stake primary Board -

You met me in Salt Lake and we attended the testimony meeting held the morning before Conference session, in the tabernacle - appreciation and understanding for the good things you had done crowded out all other thoughts and with gratitude my heart was full.

A great desire to acknowledge them before you and my Heavenly Father came into my mind - to say them in just common conversation with you - the courage I couldn't find.

I knew my mouth would quiver and my eyes make a fuss - I also knew the Lord would bless and give me the courage to do it thus - finally they came with the microphone to where we were seated and I stood to thank Him and you - there were tears in your eyes, which I seldom saw, and a different tone in your voice as you thanked me after the meeting was through.

"Dear Heavenly Father: When the Refiner's Fire has cleansed both our souls of their distress - may we enter into Thy Presence - both Thy daughters - and find peace and happiness."

(s) Ladean C. Keeler
Orem, Utah, June, 1962.

* * * * *

Love is the crowning grace of humanity, the holiest right of the soul, the golden link which binds us to duty, and truth, the redeeming principle that chiefly reconciles the heart of life, and is prophetic of eternal good.

Petrarch.

Divine love is a sacred flower, which in its early bud is happiness, and in its full bloom is heaven.

Hervey.

* * * * *

Joseph Pratt Callister
Margaret Crook =

MARGARET CROOK
CALLISTER

Margaret Crook Callister was born in Heber City January 18, 1876, a daughter of John and Mary Giles Crook. Her mother died while Margaret was still a girl, leaving much of the home responsibilities to her. She remained at home until she was 22, and then went to Brigham Young University in Provo for school training. She attended two years, then taught two years, then spent two more years at the University of Utah, receiving her diploma in 1904. For six years she taught at various schools and then returned

283

284

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again to BYU where she obtained a teaching certificate for High School. She taught sewing and cooking in Preston, Idaho, and Heber City for five years, and then worked as Wasatch County librarian until she married Joseph C. Callister on January 4, 1924.

Active in the Church, she served as a counselor in the MIA at the age of 17, and then had 47 years of continuous work in the MIA. She has also been very active in temple work. In 1921 she attended a special library school in Chataqua, N.Y., and through the years has been an ardent traveler, visiting many historic spots throughout the country.

In June of 1958 she was visiting her stepson, Lathel Callister when she became ill and died June 17, 1958. She is buried in the Heber City cemetery. —

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